

DO WHAT WE COULD

The Efforts of the Press in Behalf of Chicago

AS REVIEWED BY FIELDING

If the Fair is Not a Success Now It Will Not Be for Want of Advertising.

As a member of the great journalistic staff of the United States I do not imagine for, but simply note a deep thrill of pride which comes over me at the thought of the approaching vastness of the world's fair at Chicago. We have put our shoulders to the wheel; we have worked together in harmony to promote this magnificent national enterprise—all of us, from the editor of the Dead River Clarion, who signs himself "fraternally yours," to the great leader of metropolitan journalism who never answers the letter.

Now, as we for a time lay aside our pens to escape for railroad space to the city on the march, we do it with a feeling that what we are going to see (if we can get there for nothing) is in a great measure the result of our own labors. For we have given Chicago her "character," and without it she never could have held her job.

As for the things which the neighbors said in upon such occasions, they are much the same at any fair. It is hard to work up great popular interest in industrial exhibits, or indeed, in industry of any sort. We are going there to look. And so we, as journalists, have not laid much stress upon those things. We have tried to advertise the natural advantages of the city which do not have to work for a living, but simply exist for the interest, amusement or destruction of the visitor.

These will draw the crowd and hold it permanently. I am informed, unless prompt medical assistance arrives, I allude to the climate, the quicksand, the water, the strange and bacilliferous atmosphere and other phenomena, which, to see, is a liberal education.

For my own part I am principally desirous of seeing the great parade of masked and mounted brigades, gathered at random from the streets of Chicago, but organized and maintained as an exhibit by the private charity of the New York Sun. Their earnings while not on parade will be used for the support of the city government, by which, as I learn from several leading eastern journals, they are tenderly nurtured and protected. They will be led in the parade by Mayor Carter Harrison unless they object to his moral character as portrayed by the journals referred to.

I have special interest in these brigades, owing to a pleasant acquaintance I formed with them during the very

hard winter of '84-'85, which I passed in Chicago to my own great loss and detriment. I ran up a board bill that printer in a small hotel on Monroe street. This hotel stood beside an alley which ran through darkness, pilage and murder to Madison street. Men were "held up" in this alley almost every night; indeed, some of our boarders made it a regular excuse for not paying their bills on Saturdays. In this way I first learned to regard the highwayman as a benefactor. One Friday evening a highwayman in this alley seized me of seven cents, and I fell on my knees and thanked him, because he had enabled me to tell the truth to my landlady on the following day for the first time in eight weeks. I certainly hope to meet that fellow in Chicago this spring, and if I do I shall point out to him a Tammany visitor who never carries less than five thousand dollars in his pocket. From the nature of their occupations those two should be friends. I have very pleasant recollections of that alley, and I often think of it when I walk on Fifth avenue, New York; but the people in the alley had stolen much less.

I do not attempt, of course, to force any preference upon others. Some may go to Chicago for the water. In fact, according to the accounts which we have published, a person who desires that kind of water will simply have to go to Chicago. It does not infect any other locality. Recognizing the value of this monopoly as an advertisement for Chicago we have given to the facts the widest publicity. The London Lancet, a paper which gives eminent physicians the largest opportunity for commenting upon another's ignorance, was at some pains to obtain an analysis of Chicago water. The Lancet found it to consist principally of oxygen and hydrogen. That is all, so far as I am concerned, for it was with a mixture of these gases that a learned professor, Josiah P. Cook, of Harvard, inadvertently propelled the head of a gigantic iron cylinder through the roof of Boylston hall and very far up into the sky. That was six years before I went to college, and ever in my day the cylinder head has not come down. I do not think such stuff is safe, and I shall not use it if I go to Chicago.

But besides these dangerous substances, the Lancet found many others, perhaps so common in drinking water. A list of these things in agate, half measure, would fill four columns of a Jersey City paper, and if printed as an advertisement, would be worth eleven dollars, unless it was a public advertisement, paid for by the city or state, according to law, in which case the charge would be quadrupled. Yet, in spite of these great dangers upon our tongue, we—and I speak for the great body of journalists—have printed this matter gratuitously, though some of it was hardly such as a person could

readily read unless he had been recently vaccinated.

There were also many animals in the water, some of them dead, and others warranted to produce that condition in any person introducing them into his alimentary canal. I have asked my artist to reproduce a drop of water as viewed under the Lancet's microscope and further magnified five thousand diameters by an optical instrument devised by Mr. Dana of the Sun, and now in the laboratory of that paper. Any person who remembers the aim of Mr. Cleveland's watchcoat when viewed through that instrument will understand its power. Any person who would not go to Chicago to see such water as this must be deficient in appreciation of the strange and wondrous works of nature.

And the water is all ready. There will be no delay in this part of the exhibit, which is fortunate, since we learn that nothing else is ready. If there is to be Chicago's embarrassment will be considerable, but we have done our best to deaden the shock. We

have prepared all visitors for the sight of things in an unfinished condition. The delay is largely due to the accident to the cellar of the main building. This mishap will be readily understood by anybody who knows even the rudiments of the geology of Cook county (so called because one can cook there without a fire in July, August and September). It is well-known that this favored spot stands over a black and bottomless abyss, from which it is separated only by a thin layer of marl. I say "favored spot," because any other kind of spot would certainly break through this barrier and disappear. That was what happened to the cellar in question. It sunk suddenly into the nether mystery; and, though a large number of men are now at work with derricks, it is doubtful whether they can hoist the cellar up again in time. But, though there should be no other opening on May 1 than the one to which I have referred, even that will be worth looking into. And, by the way, this cellar disaster is a sufficient refutation of the slander that visitors to Chicago will be in danger from cyclones. When a man can make a cyclone cellar a hundred feet deep by simply jumping hard on the ground, there is little real peril from high winds.

No person should fail to see the Chicago atmosphere. You cannot see much of it at a time, but that which is close to your nose is an interesting study. Probably it will become quite common in the east before the fair is over. I should not be surprised if pieces of it were used as mantle decoration in the rural districts of New England as generally as coral and couch shells by next September.

A dispatch in many of the eastern papers recently called attention to the collapse of several Chicago hotels which had been erected to shelter visitors to the fair. It really was worth seeing when those hotels went down. I received a letter from a friend describing such a spectacle.

"I hate to think of you missing all these things," he wrote. "The fall of that hotel in which I had engaged rooms for you was really great. It

dropped entirely into its cellar so that nothing was left standing but the elevator well and the price of board, and the latter stood up much higher than the former."

I have given this letter to the press in the interest of the fair. Just so; as I said at the beginning, we have all done what we could. The whole nation has rejoiced. It has been more fun than a lynching. We feel as if we could hardly wait another four hundred years for the next chance. With our added experience, in that happy time, what shall we not be able to do for the city that gets the fair?

HOWARD FIELDING.

A Little Too Trying.

The late William Young Sellar, whose books on the Latin poets are so widely known and so much valued, was professor at the University of Edinburgh. He was much beloved by his pupils, and had generally an exemplary patience with dullness and stupidity. We are told, however, that one day the perverse impetuosity of a blockhead was so intolerable that the professor at last cried out: "Sir, in translating that passage you have made more mistakes than the world's silliest of youths' composition."

Flour-Poisoned Monster Dead.

The celebrated race horse, Monitor, the idol of thousands and the pride of his owner, George Lortillier, is dead. Monitor was a son of Glencoe, and Minx, a sister to Sultan and Monarch, by Lexington, and was foaled in 1878. In seven years he took part in 117 races, forty-two of which he lost in shame, among them being some of the most important contests in the country.

No Golden Wedding There.

Mary A. Stall and Oliver Stall, of Valparaiso, Ind., are celebrating their golden wedding anniversary by a suit for divorce, says the Chicago Mail. Mrs. Stall is 50 and her husband 50 years old. He is worth \$100,000. She alleges cruel treatment and wants \$10,000 alimony.

Infanta Eulalie of Spain Will Be One of the Guests.

AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION

She Travels in Royal State—Ferdinand and Isabella Were Her Great-Grandparents.

If there is anything in a name Marie-Eulalie-Francoise d'Assis-Marguerite-Roberte-Isabelle-Francoise de Paul-Christine-Marie de la Piete, etc., Infanta of Spain, may surely claim a place among the elite. Infanta Eulalie is called for short, and she is the most distinguished of the foreign guests that the Columbian fair calls to our shores. She represents her royal sister-in-law, Christina, queen regent of Spain, and is credited with having an especial interest in the woman's department at the fair.

Ferdinand and Isabella were very great-grandparents of Infanta Eulalie. It requires all of her dainty royal fingers to count the generations of their descendants that have lived and died up to her time. She is numbered with the tenth. The pure blood of the Castile and Aragon has been freely mingled with the German, French and Italian in the four centuries that have passed since the union of Ferdinand and Isabella created united Spain. Eulalie's pride of ancestry includes Charles V., emperor of Germany, who, being the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, succeeded as Charles I. to the throne of Spain. She also reveres the memory of Louis XIV., le grand monarque, who was her great-great-great-great-grandfather. She counts a number of Italian grandmothers more distinguished for their royal lineage than for their worthy lives. Isabella II., the exiled queen of Spain, is her mother, and she is the aunt of the boy king, Alphonse XIII.

Infanta or Princess Eulalie was born in Madrid February 12, 1864. The consort of Isabella II., Don Francisco d'Assis, her cousin, was a diminutive personage, whose ill health seemed to preclude all hope of a direct accession to the throne. A son, Alphonse, and three daughters, the youngest of whom is Infanta Eulalie, were born to the royal pair. Court gossip whispered and knowingly nodded their heads concerning the pe-

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CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

New York has a Spanish colony that is eager to do honor to their distinguished countrywoman, and the visit of the princess will be a continuous fête. After "doing" New York, the nation's guests will travel westward in regal state, special palace cars being provided for them. It is safe to assume that the journey will be a revelation to them in the way of railway comfort.

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five years of age. Just why these boys have been so meagerly endowed with names is not apparent. Perhaps as they grow older they may attain to royal patronymics.

It would be interesting to know just what relationship these lads bear to their parents. They are the children of cousins who were each the children of cousins, and so it seems to have been for centuries. Ferdinand and Isabella were cousins. Not even a Philadelphia lawyer would find time in these days to disentangle the line of consanguinity.

The princess has been for several weeks in the hands of the dressmakers and milliners of Paris, who have prepared a trousseau worthy of the occasion of a visit to America. It would require a supreme effort on their part to enable her to outline in apparel some of the fair Americans who will greet her. Crowned heads are much more a rarity in our great republic than are royal fortunes.

Prince Antoine will accompany his spouse on her journey, as will Marquise d'Arco-Hermosa, her lady in waiting; the duke of Tamames, who was formerly grand master of the household of Queen Isabella and who is one of the most popular members of the old Spanish nobility, and Senor Jover, the controller of the household of the princess. The party sailed from Cadiz April 17. They will visit Porto Rico and Havana, where possibly they may linger to shed a figurative tear at the tomb of Columbus, and will reach New York on the 30th of May.

Senor Don Enrique Dupuy de Lome, minister plenipotentiary of Spain to the United States, and the secretaries and attaches of the Spanish legation

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The apartments retained for the distinguished party at the Hotel Waldorf far exceed in sumptuous and magnificent appointments those of any castle in Spain, real or fanciful. The "Gobelin chamber" is hung with tapestries worth a prince's ransom. The magnificently-carved furniture, the "four-post" bed, with its rich drapery, the heavy curtains and portieres are furnishings worthy a king's abode. The salon Henri IV. is a far more luxurious apartment than any ever occupied by the monarch for whom it was named. The walls are hung with silk, dainty damasks and gold are combined in the furniture, portraits of Eulalie's French ancestors are there, and it needs but the presence of the fair princess herself to make it indeed a royal apartment.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

New York has a Spanish colony that is eager to do honor to their distinguished countrywoman, and the visit of the princess will be a continuous fête. After "doing" New York, the nation's guests will travel westward in regal state, special palace cars being provided for them. It is safe to assume that the journey will be a revelation to them in the way of railway comfort.

Elaborate preparations have been made in Chicago for their reception, and the princess will find in this marvelous city of the western world that all the

royalty at a fair

Infanta Eulalie of Spain Will Be One of the Guests.

AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION

She Travels in Royal State—Ferdinand and Isabella Were Her Great-Grandparents.

If there is anything in a name Marie-Eulalie-Francoise d'Assis-Marguerite-Roberte-Isabelle-Francoise de Paul-Christine-Marie de la Piete, etc., Infanta of Spain, may surely claim a place among the elite. Infanta Eulalie is called for short, and she is the most distinguished of the foreign guests that the Columbian fair calls to our shores. She represents her royal sister-in-law, Christina, queen regent of Spain, and is credited with having an especial interest in the woman's department at the fair.

Ferdinand and Isabella were very great-grandparents of Infanta Eulalie. It requires all of her dainty royal fingers to count the generations of their descendants that have lived and died up